

General Miscellany.

Dead in the Street.

A CITY EPIGRAM.

Under the lamp lights, dead in the street,
Delicate, fair, and only twenty,
There she lies,
Face to the skies,
Starved to death in a city of plenty,
Spurred by all that is pure and sweet,
Passed by busy and careless feet—
Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure;
Hands full of money, and time, and leisure—
Leisure to spend Christ's mission bounty—
To teach the erring, and raise the lowly—
Plenty, in charity's name, to show
That life has something divine and holy.

Devised charms—lookalike brow,
Delicate features—like that of now;
Look at her lips—once they could smile;
Eyes—well, never more shall they grieve;
Never more, never more word of hers
A blush shall bring to the pale face.
She has found, let us hope and trust,
Peace in a higher and better place.
And yet, despite of all still, I ween,
Joy of some heart she must have been.
Some fond mother, proud of the task,
She stooped to finger each dainty curl;
Some vain father has bowed to ask
A blessing for her, his darling girl.
Hail to them who are at her death,
Of all the kindly ones, and ears,
Lovingly watching and sore-ber-ried,
All the angels, burning tears,
Who agonize, whose hopes and fears,
Breathed and suffered for her sweet sake.
Fancy will picture a lone affair,
Out where the daisies and buttercups are,
Out where life's shining breezes blow,
Far from these sordid streets, foul and low:
Fancy will picture a lonely heart,
And an aged couple dead to earth—
An aged couple, broken and gray,
Kneeling beside a bed to pray;
Or lying awake 'till night to hark
For a thing that may come in the rain and
The dark,
A hollow-eyed woman, with weary feet,
When they never know
She when they cherished so
Lies this night, lone and low,
Dead in the street.

HOW HE EARNED A WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man?" said farmer Bifkins, removing the pipe from his mouth and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir, I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you."

"The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away—as it is in thousands of instances,—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have lands and means—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

"This was a style of criticism for which Luke was unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir, I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that, with the wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are a strong, able-bodied man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous pulls at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good an advantage for learning as any girl town, and she hasn't than an air away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cured with a shilling; and I'll tell you what I'll do: go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so long as it's honest; then come to me, and, if my girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Bifkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, his usual resting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sallow, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added, softly:

"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile those words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul, "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunny morning, late in October, as farmer Bifkins was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, he threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his former easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Bifkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some better tubs and cider barrels, but I have some here that will just suit you."

"Where make are they just?" inquired the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of

pardonable pride; "and I challenge any courier in the State to beat them."

Mr. Bifkins examined them critically one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will you take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in; I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade, after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Bifkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round white arms were bared above the elbows, and bare traces of the flour she had been sitting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded the daughter quizzically.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em,—but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, never forget your duty."

As Mr. Bifkins said this, he considered carefully the price of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can readily be imagined by the speedy wedding which followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delighted his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

A Southerner's Impressions of Brazil and the Brazilians.

The Monroe (La.) Journal publishes a letter from Mr. C. G. Matthews, written at San Paulo, Brazil, from which we make the following extracts:

You wish to know if I am satisfied here. I will say this, that I can make an advance to eat with less labor, than anywhere else I have been. But I do not like the associations. I don't like the large families and the children who are outside of their parents. I don't like the boho and bayona and the one hundred fans now raising up and down my legs, and, though I am mine only the very best kept, in a climate favorable to longevity, I can't say that I am satisfied, or willing to spend the remainder of my days here, in time, however, I may be reconciled and then I can write to you and give you the reasons for the change. There is a class in our country who would do well here, and would, I think, be pleased with the country. I mean those who can hardly earn a support by hard labor, and who care very little for society; here they can "eat" by working one-fifth of their time, and if industrious, could make a little competency besides. If you wish to come to Brazil you can very easily make a collection and get a very nice woman or two (the better classes are well educated, and some of them very pretty), other than I will not suit you, as you don't like to work. Some of the Americans express themselves delighted with the country, and probably good many of my Monroevite friends would like it better than I do. To the lover of hunting, I would say that game is scarce and hard to get at, and a man would starve to death for sport and support who depended upon hunting. Fish are plentiful on the coast, but very scarce here. I could see more fish in crossing half a dozen streams in Florida than I could catch here in a lifetime.

"Cussed His Crop Out."

The following good one is told of John M., a most inveterate wag, and one of the cleverest men in old Talbot. He was in the Bureau office at Butler last fall, looking over some old tax books, when a negro of his county, who had had some difficulty with his employer, entered and inquired of Mr. M. if he was "de bureau."

"Yes," said he; "in the bureau."

"Well, boss, I run to you 'bout a fess I had wid de man I works wid—Mr. B. You see, boss, I axed him two weeks ago how much money and tings I got in de store, he tole me a hundred and thirty dollars. Well, las' week I goes to tain dollars. Well, las' week I goes to tain dollars, and den he say I owe him two hundred and fifty dollars; and wen I tell him dat can't be no, he us—"

"What did he cuss you?" said Mr. M., excitedly, turning over the leaves of the tax book.

"Yes, boss, he cussed me twice."

"Well," said Mr. M., hurriedly snatching up a pen and making some marks on the book; "I fine him zine dollars for that."

"Look here, boss," said the negro, eagerly, "does dey have to pay for cussing?"

"Yes; four dollars and a half for every time they cuss you."

"Den," said the colored individual, rising solemnly and putting his hat carefully on the table; "fore God, boss, he done cuss his whole crop out, and I's gwine home to collect my money."

The negro made shell road time back to his employer's, told the negroes of the good fortune, and the result was that every one of them went to Butler next day to know about his "cuss money." B. had some trouble in convincing the newly-made enlightened voters that "cussing" was not taxable.—Talbot Gazette.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

A Shocking Case.

We were shown, yesterday, by Dr. L. N. Bruce, of this city, a worm of the species known as the centiped, or "thousand legs," which was, on Tuesday last, placed in his hands for examination by Mrs. M. A. H., a most estimable lady, of Raleigh. This worm, as it would seem, and we cannot doubt the statement of Mrs. H., was ejected from her stomach the day before it was handed to the doctor, and yet more singular, some three weeks previous she disgorged some eight or nine "bat" or "earth worms," which were also preserved and submitted to the medical attention of the family. When shown us, the centiped was still partially alive, that is to say, one part of it was alive, though dying, by degrees, a peculiarity of that species of the worm family, and to his being one of any class of worms existing in the human system. We would also add that the worm was submitted by Dr. Bruce to a number of fellow members of the faculty in this place, and that no one of the number dissented from the general opinion that it was none other than a centiped. But how it came in the stomach of the lady, is the question which most puzzle those who are cognizant of the fact that this variety of the worm species is seldom, if ever, seen in this part of the country, while the lady, by whom it was disgorged, has not been out of the State for many years. Dr. B. expresses the opinion that it must have been swallowed in the larva state, and developed in the stomach, but then how it survived the action and the gastric juice of that organ still remains a mystery. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. H. is in good health, though laboring under the revolting impression that her stomach is still infested with these venomous worms—an assurance to the contrary of which the medical profession must be slow to give her under the circumstances we have related. Whatever may exist in her body, this thought lingering in her mind cannot fail to render life one of constant dread and wretchedness, until absolute conviction shall supplant the awful apprehension. With this simple statement of the facts, as they came to us through a channel of undoubted reliability, we respectfully turn the case over to the doctors.

A TALE OF HORROR FROM CANADA.

The Gaelic Advertiser says:

We have received accounts from the neighboring township of Caledon, which purport to be the particulars of a deed that surpasses in cold-blooded atrocity and fiendish malignity everything we remember in the annals of Canada. A short time ago, a middle-aged man by the name of William Wright, a shoe-maker, was in a tavern at the village of Alton, along with six women—including a mother and her daughter and other misses—and four young men. The names of all these persons are known to us. A kind of party was got up, and they arrived at the end of the evening, when the unfortunate Wright had been about the place two or three days, under the influence of liquor. It does not appear whether any previous enmity existed between them, or that it was a tipsy frolic; but soon after their finding him the ladies took hold, and undressed him. He was naturally a strong man, but whiskey had such a power over him that they accomplished their purpose with tolerable ease. They stripped him stark naked, and then amused themselves tickling, pinching, scratching and other vile ill-treating him. We have not heard what part the four men took in the affair, or who first proposed the use of fire. The girls, however, soon burned sticks, coals, &c., and began to scar and roast him in the most frightful and diabolical manner. The poor wretch struggled and groaned piteously for his release, but they would not desist until they had tortured him to the utmost, and literally covered his body with wounds. He lingered for several days in unutterable anguish, till death stepped in to his relief. Deceased was unmarried. We have not yet heard the result of the coroner's inquest, but surely the jury can find nothing in the case to excuse such ruthless barbarity.

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N. P. BOYER & Co., Publishers,
Gen. Exr. Chester Co., Pa.

Try Again.

How oft has disappointment marred
Some cherished plan of mine,
And hidden winter clouds appear
Where summer's sun should shine;
Yet often, as they darker grow,
I've seen some wondrous pen
Upon the very blackest write
The sentence, "Try again."

How often in the stillly hour
Of night, the heavy sigh,
In sympathy, has strove to meet
The tear-drop in my eye;
And then, like angel whispering
Their message to me,
I've heard a quiet breathing of
The sentence, "Try again."

How often, as I've walked amidst
Life's ever busy tide,
And jostled with its favored ones,
Or seen some other's smile
When my misfortunes seemed to be
Overwhelming, even then
Has some good spirit breathed to me
The sentence, "Try again."

My guardian angel it must be,
Or else the weight of care
Had sunk me in the very depths
Of sorrow and despair;
But, oh! my heart much lighter seems,
And hope shines brighter, when
I hear that spirit softly breathe
The sentence, "Try again."

HOW MR. GOLIBER BROKE HIS POXY.

"Show, you rememberer that little black boney I played with de bedder next week?"

"Yah, you'd o' him?"

"Notings, only I gets sheated burdy."

"So?"

"Yah, you see in de verst place he ish plint mit bot legs, and werry lame in your eye. Den ven you gets on him to rise he rears up penit and keeks ub before so vorser as a shuck mile. I dinks I dake him a litta rite yesterday, and so sooner as I gits straddle his pack he gommence dat vay, shoost like a valkin peant on a steam-pat, and ven he gets done, I vas so mixed up mit everydinks, I fints myself zitting arout packwards mit his dail in mine hants vor de pride."

"Vell, you going to do mit him?"

"Oh, I vixed him petter as sham up. I chit him to de cart mit his dail vere his heat out to be—den I give him about so a tozen cuts mit a grow hite, he sharte to go, put so soon he se de cart before him he make packwards. Burry soon he slumps penit, and sit down on his hanches, and loose like he vent burry charmed mit himself. Den I dakes him out and hitch him de right vay, and he goes right off shoost so good as anybody's bony."

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Somebody tells the following joke on that irrepressible genius, George Frisbie Train: As an illustration of Mr. Train's intense patriotism, we may relate that, on one occasion, sent his wife on a ninety days voyage from Australia to New York, that his coming child might be born on American soil, as it would become a possible President of the United States. The journey was a most troublesome one, and the lady came very near being shipwrecked; but at last reached this country in safety. The child was born, and it was a girl.

AN OPEN HEART.

I would have an open soul where the warm beams of Divine mercy, which also manifest themselves in affliction, may find a fruitful soil; no closed, icy heart, over which the tempest may pass and leave it untouched. I would have childlike obedience, not obstinate endurance. I would have life, not death. The Lord shall see who hinders and his high spirits, that by humility may be made manifest, and that his wounds from his chastening. Thy prayers and entreaties shall rise to heaven for strength and energy. Thou shalt not be silent before him as if thou already hast what thou needest. Thou shalt learn from the Author and Finisher of our faith, to whom it would have been a small thing to assume that cold, hard indifference which seek to bear and suffer, thou shalt learn from him who wept and prayed, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me."

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JAMES GREEN, Adm'or.
Mar. 3 5m

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WE WARRANT ALL STOVES SOLD BY US.

And always furnish a COMPLETE SET OF UTENSILS, with PRINTED DIRECTIONS for using them, so that one can change from the old way of cooking in a Fire Place to the use of the Stove with little or no inconvenience.

We always keep on hand ALL the different Styles of COOKING STOVES, RANGES, &c., prepared to please the tastes of any one who may examine our Stock.

We have a large Stock of HEATING STOVES suitable for Churches, School Rooms, Stores, Parlors, &c.

We manufacture largely of TIN WARE, which we offer at low prices.

Our Stock of PLATED GOODS, PLAINISHED and BRITANNIA WARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE is very full and complete.

We would be pleased to see our friends from Edgefield and surrounding country.

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AUGUSTA, GA.
Oct 15 3m

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Machine Works,

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EVERY KIND OF PLANTATION AND MILLinery Machinery, Portable and Stationary Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Oiling Mills, Sugar Mills, Horse Power, Agricultural Implements, Shafting, Pullies, Hangers, Couplings, and all kinds of Iron and Wood Working Machinery built to order on short notice. All kinds of

Machinery

Promptly repaired, and all kinds of BRASS and IRON CASTINGS furnished.

GIVE US A TRIAL.
HUSE & NEAL,
Augusta, Dec 17 3m

Excutor's Notice.

A Final Settlement will be made on the Estate of STANMORE JOHNSON, dec'd, in the Ordinary's Office, on Wednesday, the 22d April, 1868. Those having claims against said Estate will present them, properly attested, to the Under-Signed, on or before that date, on duty attended. All indebted to said Estate, are expected to pay by the 10th February next.

M. M. PADGETT, Exr.
Jan 2 3m

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having claims against the Estate of SAMUEL BROOKS, dec'd., will present them, properly attested, to the Under-Signed, on or before the 4th day of April, next, at the Office of the Administrator of the Estate of said Samuel Brooks, dec'd., will please come forward and settle.

T. B. CLARK, Ad'or.
Dec 31 3m

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of WM. R. SALTER, dec'd., will present them, properly attested, to the Under-Signed, on or before the 22d April next, as on that day a final settlement will be made, in the Ordinary's Office, on said Estate. Those indebted to said Estate will pay up forthwith, on duty attended, to the Administrator of the Estate of said Estate, will please come forward and settle.

M. M. PADGETT, Ad'or.
Jan 22 3m

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NURSERYMEN
AND
SEEDSMEN,
York, Pennsylvania.

FRUIT, SHADE AND ORNAMENTAL TREES,

GRAPES, SMALL FRUITS, ROSES, ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS, HEDGE PLANTS, &c.

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In full assortment, at wholesale and retail. Dealers, buying in quantity, furnished with their own address on bags, if desired.

Our Seeds are carefully tested before sending out and WARRANTED TO GROW, if properly planted and cared for.

SEEDS AND PLANTS BY MAIL.

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5. Descriptive Circular of New and Rare Seeds.
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Feb 26 4m

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Dec 18 43

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NOTICE

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